

JOHN HENRY



ON WOMEN AND POKER

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch. Say, Bunch, I don't think women have any business playing poker, anyway—that is most women.

There are a few cheerful exceptions, of course.

Take Monday evening, for example. George Riggaby dealt and I being next, passed.

Then we waited while Maude said to Peaches, "Oh! yes, I think a bodice trimmed with moire antique and with white chiffon over the corse is perfectly stunning, but I want to get a home dress of green silk with lace insertion—oh, did you see Mrs. Wilson's new automobile coat? If she isn't a perfect fright, well, I hope—"

"Pass! Pass! Pass!" I yelled.

Then Mrs. Lorenz, paying no attention to us, unburdened herself to

Maude gave him a withering glance, and Mrs. Lorenz said, "One card, please."

George gave his mother-in-law the card, took three himself and laid the deck down.

"Well, I'd like to know where my two cards are," inquired Maude seatfully.

"Well, I thought you stood pat," said George.

"Stand pat, the idea!" snapped Maude. "I never did such a thing in my life. I'd like two cards, please."

"It's too late now," I batted in. "You'll have to play some hand or drop out."

"Drop out, indeed. Well, I guess not," George Riggaby, you give me two cards!"

"Can't do it, against the rules," said George.

"Against what rules?"

"Hoyle."

"Who cares for Hoyle? You give me two cards!"

And so to keep peace in the family she was given two cards—and won the pot.

Then Mrs. Lorenz got mad and wanted her ante back, all of which put us another half hour to the bad.

If I had to play any poker very often, Bunch, I'd have a roller sink in my pot story.

A little later on that evening I opened a jackpot, and everybody dropped out except Mrs. Lorenz and Peaches.

You know, Bunch, I like Peaches. She's the only wife I've had, and the only one I ever wish to have, and so I say it from my heart that she plays poker like a Welsh rabbit, which is without form and full of dark surprises.

From a social point of view Peaches is the best fellow that ever drew cards, but indeed solely on her skill as a poker player is what the ancient Greeks would call a *Potikiela Helliar*.

Well, anyway, Bunch, to make a long story lose its cunning, Peaches waved farewell after losing four dollars.

Then all at a sudden Maude yelled, "Oh, I open it. No, I don't—I thought I had an ace—darnaback!"

Whereupon Mrs. Lorenz laid her hand down and began to count her chips, declaring that a white one was missing.

After looking over the table and under the table and on the mantelpiece and all around the room, she finally found the white chip under the hand she had laid down.

When peace was restored George Riggaby said, "I'll open it for ten."

Whereupon Mrs. Lorenz, resumed, "No, you won't. I'll open it for five."

"But you said you passed."

"I didn't!"

"Pardon, me, I thought you did!"

"Pardon, me, I thought I didn't!"

"Cards?" asked George, resignedly.

"Five three," I said.

"Three," said Peaches. "No, two, no, three—wait a minute! Give me one—no, wait; that's a diamond! Give me two—no, no, give me three cards!"

"That's the way with me," said Maude to Peaches. "I get so confused sometimes. I remember one evening we were all playing over at our house, and the lady—"

"Cards?" screamed George.

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all the time, and after the first bet she began to buy a new dress.

After the second bet she selected the trimmings.

After the third bet she changed the material and took something more expensive.

After the fourth bet she decided to pick out an imported dressmaker on Fifth avenue, and after the fifth bet she felt wealthy enough to go there in a cab.

Soon came the awful awakening, and she had to put the dress back in the store.

I don't think Mrs. Lorenz will ever quite recover from the shock.

She will be a saddened woman all her life unless a rich relative dies somewhere and leaves her seven dollars.

And to make matters more like a life insurance investigation, about ten minutes later George Riggaby stung Uncle Gregory for \$5.75, which caused uncle to go up in the air.

After bouncing between the floor and the ceiling for five minutes he had an internal fit, which nearly became epidemic all over his system.

And thus it happened, Bunch, that these two members in most standing in the ancient order of the Companions of the Cold Feet had to sit there all evening and play them close, trying to get their money back, which they didn't.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, Bunch, but once in a while they grind out something worth while.

Play poker if you must, Bunch, but always keep your rubbers in.

This goes for the neck as well as the feet.

Yours to the finish,

JOHN

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BILL SAW HIS CHANCE.

Willing to Pay Three Dollars to Get Rid of "Old Woman."

BILL, who was employed in the capacity of outlier at a wayside tin, was standing at the yard with the inevitable bit of straw in his mouth, wondering if life was worth living.

Before leaving home in the morning he had engaged in a wordy warfare with his wife, and had decidedly come off second best.

In the midst of his inclination a break filled with ladies on their way to a well-known resort, pulled up to allow the driver to bait his horse.

After going to the animals Bill and the driver adjourned inside to refresh the inner man.

"No much of a day for a drive," said Bill. "Where's our going with that lot?"

"O, said the driver, in an offhand manner, "I'm going to Burgham."

After thinking deeply for a few minutes, Bill inquired, "Did you for one?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Cost you two and a half."

Hardly had Bill finished the driver by the arm and excitedly whispered, "Do me a favor, uncle, and wait ten minutes while I go home and fetch the old woman and I'll give you three dollars, if you bury her good!"—Rehearsed Sunday Herald.

First Jewish Cemetery.

Many travelers on the Third and Second avenue elevated railways of New York city wonder how the little cemetery at New Rochelle and Oliver street could be so there. It is a remnant of the first Jewish cemetery in the United States and was established in 1656.

Tea a Germ Destroyer.

Tea is now elevated to the dignity of a germ-destroyer. Dr. McNaught, the medical investigator, has found that typhoid bacilli placed in cold or lukewarm tea are greatly diminished at the end of four hours, and have completely disappeared at the end of 24 hours.

Generous.

People who have little knowledge are always willing to scatter that little as far as they can.

the ball measures the hardness of the metal it strikes. Were the area of contact between the dropped weight and the metal larger, so that no appreciable dent were made, the rebound would be a measure of elasticity rather than hardness. The height of the rebound is measured on a scale of which 100 is the average hardness of carbon steel, which is also found to be the safety limit for steel tools after reheating and tempering ready for use.

Trout Catching Story from Florida.

A peculiar catch was made near Canfield's mill yesterday. The end of a hay binding wire carelessly dropped into the San Sebastian river caught and held a big trout for hours. A commotion in the vicinity of the wire was noticed, but the wire was not pulled up for several hours, and then the trout was discovered securely impaled on the end.—St. Petersburg Independent.

Money Well Spent.

Health is an important factor to the people of New York city and the public treasury expends \$5,000 each day in looking after it.

ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Prospects for Social Season Are Bright



WASHINGTON—Again the tide of society has turned. It is no longer where to go, but when to return. Society has had its fling, and a merry one it has been, despite all that has been said to the contrary, and now the more serious considerations of home life come to the front.

With the summer's mystics in the Harbor and Newport now only a memory, the fashionable set is of various minds as to where to spend the next month. Virginia Hot Springs holds out a beckoning hand to those who have revelled in the summer's dissipations.

But in Washington the curtain has been rung up and the stage set for the coming season by the arrival of the president and Mrs. Roosevelt, and the raising of questions which necessitate the return of the official family, as the subject is called. The opening of the winter season is in the dim future.

with the White House opened many of the embassies will follow suit.

Washington's first gathering place for conventions, especially in the autumn, and this year the season opened with the Fibreboard congress, which brought together distinguished men from all parts of the world, many of them with their wives and other feminine kin. This made necessary a reception of two and many luncheons and dinners, and these started the ball rolling. Although the ball may slow up when the delegates depart for their English, French, German, or other homes, it will be kept going on the way toward the new year and a new administration.

Meantime, there will be the official opening of the White House, with a reception for congress and the introduction of Miss Ethel Roosevelt into society. Miss Roosevelt is planning to have a stream of young house guests and all the "cousins" with tale turns at joining in the entertainments, of which and otherwise, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth will champion her sister on most occasions, relieved by her uncle, Admiral William B. Coady, who filled the same genial office for Mrs. Longworth when she made her debut.

Tragic Coincidence in Death of Envoys



IT is a tragic coincidence that the two distinguished members of diplomatic corps who have recently died—Minister Hauge of Norway and Ambassador Speck von Sternberg of Germany—should have both been survived by beautiful and childless widows who at some time in their girlhood claimed the same city, Louisville, as their home.

The dramatic sadness of the dual incidents still hangs like a pall over that inner circle of Washington society where the two huge complexes seem as remote lights.

That both men died in their fatherland when on temporary visits there

with their American wives, blooming the young widows to solitary journey home, is a further pathetic parallel.

Baroness Speck von Sternberg, the wife of the two diplomatic widows, is the latest of the two diplomatic widows to be bereaved of an idolizing husband, returned from abroad recently and has begun the packing of her effects in the German embassy. She has a claim to the salary of her husband and to the occupancy of the embassy in Washington for three months after the ambassador's death. As the widow of a diplomat who died in service, the former beautiful Miss Langham of Louisville will enjoy a considerable pension from the German government.

No more dramatic coincidences were disclosed in Washington than that emanated from Baron von Sternberg and his remarkably alluring Kentucky wife. The white ballroom of the German embassy, during the incumbency of the von Sternbergs, had been the scene of princely entertainments.

No Hunters to Accompany the President



THE army of rough riders, trappers and men who, rich in alive with their hands, who have been looking forward to the president's 57th birthday to quest of his game as an occasion in which they would play a part, will be disappointed.

Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit, one taxidermist and one naturalist from the National museum will constitute the Roosevelt party. They will be the only Americans in it. Just how large a following of natives will be necessary the president himself does not yet know.

Although the president is to receive one hundred dollars for each word written to him about the trip, he is not contemplating the throwing of money right and left to equip himself for the novel experience of shooting and big game.

By the time the president will have been seen and heard in the word used in Washington from the government service and the monthly check for \$4,000.00 will be going to some other man. It will be no more than a gift to him to send his people also, instead of a trip of profit, it will develop into one of expense.

President Roosevelt does not yet know the mountains that are to accompany him. All he knows is that he is to spend presidential days of Adirondack woods to the National museum and that he has asked that institution to send along two men, one to preserve the specimens and the other to make notes that will be of benefit to natural history.

No definite trip has been yet arranged. The president will go when he can find the time, and if he fails to find it one place he will go to another, and when he has found it he will camp there. The future of the trip will not be a matter therefore until after he has examined his guides, who will not be from the United States.

Insane Hospital to House Male Nurses



THE Government Hospital for the Insane has just opened its male nurses' home.

The building is designed to accommodate a large number of the male nurses and attendants who have heretofore been quartered in buildings in which patients were cared for. They will be enabled under the new conditions when work on the wards is over to go to a building removed from the patients and containing homelike apartments.

The need of such a home has been recognized by the hospital authorities for a long time. In the plans originally prepared for the extension of the asylum there was provision made for the erection of such a structure. It was finally eliminated.

A building three stories high, however, was erected for the female nurses and attendants when the hospital extension was completed. As no appropriation was available for the construction of a building for the male nurses, all that it was possible to do was to remodel one of the buildings already on the hospital reservation.

The building finally selected is what was known as the east lodge. Several years ago it was utilized for female patients.

Entirely remodeled to meet the requirements of the situation, it contains 24 rooms, apartments, capable of providing for about 58 men. It is lighted throughout by electricity. Lavatories, shower baths and bathrooms, all lined with Vermont marble, are on each floor.

Employees who are to occupy the building are being assigned to quarters there now, and they have expressed themselves as pleased at their new surroundings, which they regard as making for their comfort and pleasure after working hours.

THEY ALL WENT BACK ON HIM

Fisherman's Bitter Complaint Against Alleged Friends.

"I never could and never shall be able to understand the actions of men toward one who has caught a big fish," said the man with the far-away look in his eyes as the subject of fishing was broached. "Last spring I went down to Tampa Beach to fish for tarpon. On the second day out I hooked a monster. That fish weighed over a hundred pounds. While I was playing him over the boat's approach, and he leaped out of water at least ten men got a fair sight of him. All of them called out that he was a prize and encouraged me to hang on. The fish finally snapped the line and got away, to the disappointment of all. When I got back to the hotel I did some talking of course, but to be met with grins and winks on every hand. That roiled me, and I began to call on my witnesses. What do you think was the result?"

We all knew, but no one answered, and after a minute the man continued.

Only one out of the crowd would back me, and when they came to pin him down, he declared that it was a sea bass and weighed as much as five pounds. Why is it, gentlemen, why is human nature built that way? Why can't humanity give a fisherman a fair show?"

But only echo answered. We had been there ourselves.

Measures Hardness of Metals.

An instrument to measure the hardness of metals has been recently devised, more especially designed and found very useful in the manufacture of tools like twist drills, where the hardness has to be kept between narrow limits. It consists of a glass tube within which a steel ball of 40 grains weight, treated by a special process so as to have jewel hardness, falls freely. The height of the rebound of

the ball measures the hardness of the metal it strikes. Were the area of contact between the dropped weight and the metal larger, so that no appreciable dent were made, the rebound would be a measure of elasticity rather than hardness. The height of the rebound is measured on a scale of which 100 is the average hardness of carbon steel, which is also found to be the safety limit for steel tools after reheating and tempering ready for use.

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